

A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

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CO-EDS
CAPPERS
&
QUIPS



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Baby Goes Bye-
Bye



A baby craves a great

deal of affection.

To keep her happy, it is

wise to make sure

that she receives

frequent caresses,

and above all,

spends a great deal

of time in her crib.







Just before retiring, BABY thinks pleasant thoughts . . .

A stretch, a yawn, and BABY is ready for the arms of Morpheus.





NOVEMBER 1957
A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

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DIAMOND DUST

ON your toes now, stu-DENTS! Let's pay a little attention here.

Vacation may not be over as you find this issue on your newsstand, but you might just as well get in the back-to-school mood with Jem Dandy, for he's whipped up a curriculum the likes of which would shrivel the leaves on the stone walls of the old Ivy League.

To play in J. D.'s league, you gotta harken to our guest dean of guys and gals, the incomparable (and, unfortunately, demised) lady whose picture faces you at left: Belle Livingstone. Belle had a ball in the Roaring Twenties, when men, co-eds and bathtubs were full of homemade gin.

Belle rings out with a Jem Dandy of a lesson in free-spending on Page 40, as detailed by our own history professor, Al Mayer, a gentleman of total recall who has previously conducted JEM's courses in such memorable items at Sarah Bernhardt and Playboy Kings, to mention a couple. It is our own course in economic history, and if, when you read it, you feel you'd been born thirty years too late, we don't blame you.



Old Professor J. D., of course, is ageless, and remembers those days with relish. Even with piccalilli. And he cautions you, as a savvy old classroom mentor, that his lecture will not begin until the room settles down.

Voice from the back of the room: "Sure, J. D., we understand. Why don't you go home and sleep it off?"



Enough of that frivolity, students. We have a well-rounded course for you here—and since you've undoubtedly already peeked at our slumbering beauty (lesson in sleep, naturally) in the gatefold, you know what we mean by well-rounded!

In addition to the aforementioned Belle Livingstone's (Continued on Page 53)



Why should any man need advice on getting along with girls? Well . . . when you mix them with books, football games and chem labs, things might begin to get a little complicated

By FORCE KENNETH

GOING to a co-educational school can be glorious fun. But it can also be a traumatic experience to an innocent young boy who isn't used to having girls around constantly.

Before we discuss specifics, it would be wise to consider the general. Exactly what is a co-ed?

Leave us analyze the word. The first syllable, "co," is the accepted abbreviation for the word "company." The "ed" comes from "educational," meaning smart. So a co-ed is a girl who is smart company, or a hep chick. In other words, when you first get to a co-ed school, be sure you get in with a fast-moving, hep, smart crowd.

Picture yourself as a green freshman. You move into your dormitory and very probably meet a roommate who is new to you. Unfortunately, co-ed colleges do not extend the co-educational feature to dormitories, so your roommate will be a practicing

male. (One hopes the future will see a more liberal interpretation of this custom.) Look him over carefully. If he seems bookish—wears glasses, has a dictionary, eagerly looks forward to the first day of classes—ignore him. He'll be no help, except possibly during exam week.

But if he seems like a decent sort—has a car, loud ties, ample supply of bourbon and money, eagerly looks forward to the first college dance—why then get buddy-buddy. You and he can have a delightful higher education.

When your first class comes, look the dames over with extreme care. You'll find all sorts—looking-for-husband kinds, looking-for-fun types and an occasional stray looking-for-learning girl. Stick to the fun-seekers. Park yourself in an adjoining seat and begin with a little sly thigh-pinchin'. Nothing like a good, introductory pinch to let you know

"GETTING ALONG WITH CO-EDS"

how the land lies.

If she says, "Get lost," get lost. If she says, "Boy, high school was never like this," you two can make beautiful music, even in introductory sociology.

You've got to be very careful about your quarry, however. There is a tendency among college girls to wear big, bulky, sloppy sweaters. These can be most deceptive. You may find you've gotten attached to nothing more substantial than a handful of heavy yarn. If you are somewhat taken with one of these bulky sweater girls, hold your fire. Wait until you see her in some other garb. Maybe you can find out where the seniors have their gym-peaking lookout station, or where the juniors maintain their dormitory window telescope. If those secrets are too closely guarded, wait until the first formal dance, then take a good long scientific look.

Other co-eds are fairer about their costumes.

They wear tight sweaters. (Even here, of course, there's a possible avenue of deceit, but we won't go into that, because even high school boys know all about that nowadays.) The chances are that a tight sweater girl will be on the up and up. If she had something to hide—or, rather, nothing to show—she'd be in a bulky sweater.

So you'll be wise to stick to the tight sweater co-eds. They are the honest, sincere, straightforward kind of person. You might not like to take home to mother, but you can be sure that father would approve.

Almost every college will have some special nook for lovers. Sometimes it's a secluded walk. Sometimes it's a deserted stadium. Sometimes it's the dark recesses of the library. You will soon learn where it is on your campus. It is a wise precaution—almost as (Continued on Page 8)

GETTING ALONG WITH CO-EDS

important as paying your tuition—to scout this spot carefully in broad daylight. Get to know it as well as you know the inside of your empty little wallet. Then, when it comes dark and you're squiring a willing little sophomore around, you won't be stumbling over rocks or bookshelves, as the case may be. And you'll know which are the best corners, where you'll stand less chance of being disturbed.

You have to be extra-careful where you walk in the lovers' hangout during the big dance week-ends. There'll be bodies all over the joint. You'll be walking along, looking for a place to rest your weary bones (both sets) and you'll stumble over an outstretched leg.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," you'll say.

"I'm not a sir, I'm a girl," the voice will answer.

"Say, your voice sounds familiar. Aren't you Jeannie Pflueger, from the nice legs in English Lit 41?"

"Yeah, that's me."

"Gee it's nice to bump into you like this. What a jerk that Prof. Beowulf is."

"Sassh. These other legs. His."

So you flunk English Lit 41. Wait'll next year.

But you've learned a lesson that is even more valuable than anything you can learn from Chaucer. You've learned to be careful about opening your big fat mouth. You never can tell who'll be right next to you, or even underneath you. The best thing to do is keep your lips buttoned, except on business.

Another pitfall for every freshman is the student nurse. If she's halfway decent looking, every boy in school will fall in love with her. There may be co-eds of all shapes and sizes, ready, willing and able, but there's something about a shapely nurse in a crisp white uniform that

excites any man, even freshmen.

You will find yourself sick at the slightest provocation. You will go to the infirmary with anything from a small hangnail to a large head.

"Good morning, nurse," you'll say.

"Oh, call me Bubbles," she'll answer. It's an old game to her.

"Gee, Bubbles, I'm having trouble with my liver again."

"Just what seems to be the matter?"

"Pains, bad pains. Right here." And you take her hand and guide it to your liver, which gets lower with each visit. She'll hold it there a second, then bring it smartly across your cheek. That's OK, because the next day you can come back with a broken jaw.

The chances are mighty slim that you'll make any progress with her. The competition is too stiff—doctors, professors, seniors, juniors, sophomores and janitors



rank higher than you. But it's good experience to try and you never can tell.

There is one case on record of a freshman who made some remarkable time with the student nurse in a southern college. Of course, it was right after the war and he was the only male student in an all-female college. But at least it's a precedent.

But we are getting away from the subject of co-eds.



You must realize one very important thing about these girls. They are young and they're going through a severe emotional trial. It is their first time, in all probability, away from the security of their homes. They may be like little birds, on their first flight away from the nest. They may be shy, easily-frightened, hard to understand.

Like the following case, which is famous in the annals of educational psychology. A sweet little 16-year-old named Maybelle Jung, an only child who had been sheltered and protected all her life, entered one of the big midwestern state universities. She was a pretty little thing, with a figure that was just ripening into adult womanhood. The first night at college, she cried with homesickness. The second night, she cried. The third night, she was drunk and laughed herself to sleep. Within a week, she'd become notorious on the campus and the dean of women had to call her in for a conference.

"Miss Jung," she said. "What seems to be the trouble? I hear very bad reports about you."

"Bad reports about me? Why, I thought I was getting along fine. The boys all say I'm very good."

"That's just what I mean. You aren't here to have love affairs, you're here to learn."

"I'm learning. Why just last night, in the agricultural

research farm, one of the football men showed me—"

"Exactly. You're learning sex. I mean you should be learning something that will help you in your later life."

"I think sex will be a big help to me in my later life."

"Yes, but—"

Before the conversation ended, Maybelle Jung convinced the dean of women that she was, indeed, learning a great deal from college. The upshot of the interview was that the dean asked Maybelle to get her a date for the Freshman Frolics. And the dean became one of the wildest girls on the campus. Maybelle adjusted nicely.

It is often harder for a boy to adjust than for a girl. It has something to do with hormones, probably. It is at the age of a college freshman—around 16 or 17—that there is the widest difference between boys and girls. A 16-year-old girl is considerably more mature than a 16-year-old boy. She is interested in men of 20 or 21; he is interested in girls of his own age. So there isn't anybody who is particularly interested in a 16-year-old boy, except maybe his mother and a few precocious 13-year-old girls.

It leaves the college freshman with an inferiority complex. The girls he craves often think of him as a child. He often sits home while (Continued on page 53)



TROUBLE WITH A SKIRT



There was
a young lady
from Greece,
Whose skirts
blew away from
her kneece...

'Till she took to
the air,
And in girlish despair,
Discarded her problem,
If you pleece.

A photographic sequence depicting a young lady's struggle
with a problem which vexes both sexes — trouble with a skirt.





This is the story of a sailor boy who didn't know his own power . . . but the girls did!

By H. I. SINGER

THE MAN WHO OUTDID CASANOVA

DO you mean to sit there and tell me you've never heard of Leslie, the terror of the Atlantic Fleet? Well anyway, Leslie was sort of a combination of Little Abner, Jack Armstrong, and Elvis Presley all rolled into one. But just wait until I get another bottle and I'll relate a tale to you almost as provocative and twice as stimulating as this brew.

Two years ago I was assigned duty on an oiler out of Norfolk, Virginia, sometimes called No-something else. You might call it good duty if you didn't have any qualms about pulling liberty in a town where half the population hated your insides because it took you so long to button your pants and you pressed them insides out to boot.

Leslie reported aboard with a mob of new recruits,

and he can best be described as an average looking kid, of medium height and perhaps a little thin, although you could not rightly call him skinny. He did his job and was pretty mute on board, and even when we dropped in at the Pirate's Den to have a couple of beers he was usually shy and retiring.

One night Pete the boson's mate, Wilson the radar man and myself were indulging slightly. We were only slightly dissipating, because good old Virginia had an unrealistic and semi-barbarian law on the books which forbade the sale of liquor over the bar or at the tables. All we could purchase were various types of beer, and you should pardon the expression, wines.

The talk got around to Leslie and his attitude and the three of us decided that it remained for us and was our

moral obligation to introduce Leslie to the cult of Aphrodite that he might partake of the many joys and rewards offered.

We dug up a kitty of ten dollars and Pete called Vera, the barmaid, over to our table and we outlined our plan. Vera was a buxom child and not entirely without a certain physical charm, and she was enthusiastic about the whole idea. She was not so enthusiastic, however, that she did not demand at first, twenty dollars to carry out her part, although she did settle for the offered ten.

The next night, the three of us as well as Leslie had liberty, and we drifted down to the Pirate's Den. At about ten-thirty we put our little machination into operation.

"Say Les," I began. "What do you intend to do about Vera?" "Whose Vera?"

"The barmaid, stupid. Didn't you notice the way she looked at you when she brought over that last round?"

"No," Leslie answered, glancing over at her. Vera was playing it cool and completely ignored him at first. Then she winked her eyes slyly.

"There did you see that. She likes you Les."

"Yeah," Wilson added. "Looks to me like she's got the ole heat for you son. Go to it."

"What?" Leslie blushed violently. "She don't want to talk to me."

"Of course she does," I said. "Why she told me only a few minutes ago while you were in the head that she would like to have a date with you. Only she was afraid you wouldn't like it if she spoke to your first."

"Really?" Leslie's face lit (Continued on page 63)



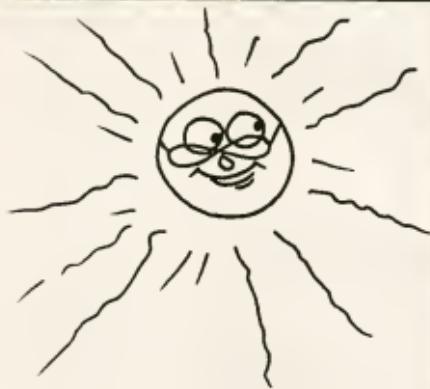
BETTY BLUE . . . Forecasts the weather

Jem visits a specialist at work to learn the mysteries of outdoor science
Betty gladly accepts one of the Weather Bureau's most difficult assignments

BETTY . . . Cogitates first over such matters as
cumulus formations, anemometer readings, and stratospheric pressure



As the sun sets Betty
makes a last-minute check-up
from her window.



A call to Washington's top
meteorologist confirms some
of her calculations.





Taking no chances, Betty consults Ogu, an ancient Peruvian rain-god, never known to fail.



At long last, elated over the way in which her estimates are taking shape, Betty makes her bid, or bed.



Forecast
SHOWERS

A vintage-style pin-up poster featuring a woman with short, wavy brown hair, smiling and looking over her shoulder. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly cream or beige, two-piece swimsuit with a dark belt at the waist. Her arms are crossed behind her back. The background is a solid, vibrant red.

ALMANAC
GIRL
The Best
date of the
month

Poor Wretch's ALMANAC

SEPTEMBER JEM: September's the birthstone of this month's child, and your astrological sign is Virgo, alias the Virgin. You are also under the influence of Mercury. You'll never write a book just because you think it's good; it's gotta bring in money to tame it. But you could easily become a different sort, which is no good at all unless somebody else supplies the money. A dilettante with a sapphire is a rare sight, indeed.



PHASES OF THE MOON
FULL LAST QUARTER NEW FIRST QUARTER
8 16 23 30

Jem Dandy's DATE BOOK

HOROSCOPE: Virgo runs on through Sept. 30, and under any planet the ruling force is intellectual. Maybe that's why some bright person decided it was the month to go back to school each year (it wasn't J. D.'s idea). The star-gazers say Virgos are great on details (an excellent quality), yet sometimes you'd be a most miserable. Were you born after Sept. 24? Ah, there! You belong to the cult of beauty-worship, which is also the cult of

J.D.!

| DM | DW | Unessential Information | J. D.'s Essentials |
|----|----|---|---|
| 1 | Su | Nat'l. Better Breakfast Month begins; bear season opens, Mich., 15 days. | <i>How about a good slab of bear steak for a better breakfast?</i> |
| 2 | Mo | Labor Day; also V-J Day, 1945. | <i>Take the day off.</i> |
| 3 | Tu | Naval War College opened, 1885; pro-football began, 1895. | <i>The war College has no football team. It doesn't even have co-eds.</i> |
| 4 | We | Exchange Buffet, America's first self-service restaurant, opened in New York City, 1885. | <i>You'll find much better cuisine on page 30 — with bar service, too.</i> |
| 5 | Th | Jesse James B. 1847. | <i>He never would have lasted so long if Dick Tracy had been around.</i> |
| 6 | Fr | Marquis de Lafayette B. 1757; 101 Pilgrims sailed on Mayflower, 1620. | <i>J. D. sailed on the Weehawken ferry, 1956. Got seasick.</i> |
| 7 | Sa | Clay pigeon patented, 1880. | <i>They make lousy eating.</i> |
| 8 | Su | Richard the Lion-hearted B. 1157; Elk season opens, Utah, residents only. | <i>If you live in Utah, here's your chance to get your Elk's tooth.</i> |
| 9 | Mo | First enemy bomb (a Japanese incendiary balloon) fell on U. S. soil in Oregon, 1942. | <i>The government kept it secret. Thought it was Mike Todd filming "Around the World in 80 Days."</i> |
| 10 | Tu | Nat'l. Soft Water Week begins. | <i>Sorry, J. D. sticks to the hard stuff.</i> |
| 11 | We | You can still plant late turnip if you live south of 33°45'10". | <i>You can't get soft water out of a turnip. (Old saying.)</i> |
| 12 | Th | Bloody Brook ambuscade, 1674. | <i>You can't get blood out of a turnip, either.</i> |
| 13 | Fr | First Federal election authorized, 1788. Highest world temperature, 134°, Azizia, Africa, 1922. | <i>They must have had an election in Azizia, too.</i> |
| 14 | Sa | Tomorrow you can shoot Franklin grouse in Idaho. | <i>Might as well rest up for an early start.</i> |
| 15 | Su | This is Anthracite Week; also Constitution Week. | <i>If your constitution's weak, stay away from hard coal.</i> |
| 16 | Mo | It's National Sweater Week, too. | <i>That's better</i> |
| 17 | Tu | Sorry. Nothing for today . . . | <i>. . . J. D. is still watching those sweaters go by.</i> |
| 18 | We | Cornerstone of Capital Bldg. laid by G. Washington, 1793. | <i>This may come in handy on your next quiz, seasick.)</i> |
| 19 | Th | First artificial rain by explosion, 1891. | <i>Our gal weather forecaster (p. 14) is more exciting.</i> |
| 20 | Fr | U. S. Constitution presented to Congress, 1787. | <i>They've been amending it ever since.</i> |
| 21 | Sa | First permanent dwelling at El Paso, Tex., 1827. | <i>It's outmoded now; no room for the Codillac.</i> |
| 22 | Su | Antelope season opens, Ariz., 2 days. | <i>J. D. will stay home and eat canteelope. Antelope run too fast.</i> |
| 23 | Mo | Fall begins. So does National Tie Week. | <i>Too bad it's a school-day, or you could tie one on.</i> |
| 24 | Tu | You can bag rails, coots and gallinules in Ontario from now until mid-December. | <i>A coot tastes worse than a boiled clay pigeon, and a gallinule is a coot's poor relation, so why bother?</i> |
| 25 | We | Alfred Vial B. 1807; he originated Morse Code. | <i>Dad's just dashing, what?</i> |
| 26 | Th | Gen. Howe occupied Philadelphia, 1777. | <i>Connie Mack later traded him to Baltimore.</i> |
| 27 | Fr | First steam locomotive pulled 34 cars in England, 1825. | <i>It's not true that the locomotive is now being used on the Long Island R.R.</i> |
| 28 | Sa | Kate Douglas Wiggin, author, B. 1857. She wrote "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." | <i>If that's the kind of literature you're looking for, why are you reading this?</i> |
| 29 | Su | Dusky grouse season opens tomorrow in Nevada, 3 days. | <i>There's grouzing every day in Nevada at the gambling tables.</i> |
| 30 | Mo | Babe Ruth hit 60th home run, 1927. | <i>J. D. struck out, 1957.</i> |

You've got
to meet this
boy. To know
him is to
hate him. But
you won't
forget him.



THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE WORLD

By NEIL BLUM

HELLO, my name is James Scott. I guess I am the handsomest man in the world. I am about six-foot-four with jet black, wavy, hair, and the broadest shoulders I have ever seen. My face is long in a handsome way. My nose forms a perfect right triangle to my face, my eyes are blue and sultry, my jaw is firm and square, and my cheekbones are high. I have never been bothered by complexion troubles, either.

I have come here to rest. Here in the mountains I hope I may at last find succor from the women who chase me night and day, demanding, always demanding. Here I will be by myself, with the forest, and the fish in the streams and the wildlife that abounds here.

I guess my trouble first began in grammar school. There was a teacher who was my eighth grade adviser who could not resist me. I had been chased and admired by girls before, but at that time I was just beginning to flower into firmerst manhood. She saw this, and from the moment she laid eyes on me I never had any peace. At first she operated quite innocently enough. She invited

me up to her apartment to help me with my math homework. It was innocent enough, but when I arrived I found her awaiting me in a silky negligee. At the time I had no idea of the implications, and I set my books on the table in her front room and began to search for the page I was having my trouble on. We sat on the couch, and every once in a while the throat of her negligee would take a dip and she would lean forward to give me a whiff of her perfume. I was still unmindful of life. Finally she playfully ran her fingers through my hair.

"You know, you are the cutest boy," she said.

I turned to answer and

(Continued on page 61)



ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

By Don Wan

IT probably has something to do with the phases of the moon, but every once in a while I get bored with love. This, I know, is unnatural, but it happens.

I find myself just going through the paces. I make my conquests by force of habit, without any feeling of exhilaration or excitement. When I win (I always win) it affords me no sense of inner glow—it's just another notch to carve on my bed post. (I have so many notches, incidentally, that the bed is getting rickety and I have to take it very slow.)

As I've said, this is unnatural. I try to fight it. And

I've worked out a system which may interest you, if you ever blunder into such a sexual swamp as I've described. It's a kind of mental morass—and, in this case, it isn't the morass the merrier.

First, I must know how to recognize the onslaught of this weary time. Generally, the first symptom is a slowness in my winking apparatus. Generally, I wink at about 1/3000th of a second, but when I note that my wink takes only 1/500th, I know that the hard time is with me again.

Other symptoms follow rapidly. There is a marked

drop in my cheek-pinching reflex; puckering takes longer; I yawn in the midst of ankle-admiring; my usually admirable line comes out slower and I may have to repeat portions; and, in summation, I'm not myself at all.



What I ordinarily do, when I am sure that babe boredom has struck, is sit myself down in my easy chair, turn off all the lights, pull down the blinds, and exercise my imagination.

I picture myself in some horrible situation. For instance, I see myself cast up on a desert island. All alone. Suddenly I see a boat drifting closer. It is a little row-boat and the only occupant is a lovely girl. She waves at me eagerly. I rush out and help her ashore. It turns out she is a mirage.

Another horrible situation is what I call the girls' dormitory gimmick. I picture myself trapped (by some natural cause, like a blizzard) inside a girls' dormitory. Each room contains a girl more beautiful and more desirable than the last. They all rush to me eagerly, begging me to spend the long, cold night with them. But it turns out that each one has an ugly roommate and it's a package deal.



And a third ghastly spot I picture for these bored moods—the intermission situation. I am at the theater. A gorgeous girl is sitting next to me and one thing leads to another. She whispers that she has a room in an adjoining hotel and why don't we go up there between the acts. We'll have just enough time. So the curtain falls and we dash out of the theater, race across the sidewalk and hurry up to her room. Everything is fine—except my

she's lost her key. By the time she finds it, it's time to go back for the second act.

By the time I've pictured myself in these frightful situations, I am generally cured and ready to begin my next conquest with an eager heart.

And now, to answer some questions from my underprivileged readers:

Dear Mr. Wan:

Is beauty everything? Tell you why I ask. I had occasion to telephone a girl I'd never met. She had a nice phone voice and we talked a long time. So I called her again. And again. First thing you know, I was in love with her over the phone. So we arranged a date. Boy, what a dog! Yet she is a nice girl and all. Is it possible for a handsome guy like me to love an ugly girl?

Phonebooth Phil



Dear Phonebooth Phil:

Beauty, as some fool once said, is only skin deep. But the poor slob who said it must have been a dermatologist. Sure, beauty is only skin deep, but until they invent skinless girls, that's what counts. You can admire and respect and worship and maybe even marry ugly girls and be happy with them, but you can't love them. Love implies beauty. So look for beauty, at all costs. You won't find it, but it costs nothing to look.

Dear Mr. Wan:

Everything was going along fine with my girl friend and me. We met on a blind date and just sort of hit it off. She had beauty, wealth, charm. I had charm. It was enough. We've been going together for six months and we were planning to get married in two weeks. Last night, though, she took off the ring I'd given her, threw it in my face and said, "I never want to see you again, you cad." What gets into

(Continued on page 50)



It's tough enough getting through life.

But when you can see into the future—it gets tougher.

INFIDELITY

By R. H. CLOANINGER JR.

THE sweat rolled from the red face of Adam Taylor as he paced the long white corridor of the hospital. With nervous fingers he pulled the last cigarette from the package, lit it and threw the empty pack into the overloaded ashtray. A trim nurse in a crisp white uniform came through the door.

"My wife, how's my wife nurse?" He asked in a shrill voice.

The nurse eyed the short fat man before her. "Are you still here Mr. Taylor? It'll be hours before your wife delivers."

Adam flushed, his red face turned even redder. "Well, you know this is our first baby, and I don't want anything to go wrong."

"You needn't worry, your wife is in good hands. Besides, she's fit as a fiddle." She glanced at the overflowing ashtray. "Why don't you go out and get some air; if you keep hanging around here like this you'll be our next patient."

He snuffed out the cigarette, and fumbled for another. "Maybe I should, I'm out of cigarettes anyway, guess I'll go after some more."

He shuffled to the door, but the nurse's voice stopped him.

"There's a fortune teller across the street, maybe she can tell you if it will be a boy or

girl."

"I don't believe in those," Adam snorted. The rain was coming down in sheets, Adam pulled his collar up and slid his hat down to his ears and dashed down the steps of the hospital. Water was running down the gutter in the street, he paused and tried to jump, but missed and landed in water over the tops of his shoes. He cursed softly to himself and proceeded down the street, water sloshing from his shoes.

He stopped at the dimly lit sign and read the bold letters. MADAM MOATZ FORTUNE TELLER. He argued with himself for a moment, then glanced up and down the street to make sure no one was looking and walked to the door.

Before he could ring the bell the door opened, there stood a very old woman. She seemed to be no more than skin and bones, but her eyes glowed like hot embers and seemed to penetrate into Adams soul.

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Taylor." Her voice was deep, far too deep to come from such a frail old woman. "Want you please come in?" Adam gasp. "How did you know my name?"

"I know everything, Adam Taylor. Want you please come in out of the rain?"

Adam entered (Continued on page 54)



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black lace lingerie set, stands in a room with wooden paneling. She is positioned on the left, leaning against a window frame with one arm raised and her head resting on her hand. On the right, another woman in a dark, sheer lingerie set is seen from behind, leaning against a vertical surface. The background features long, light-colored curtains. In the center, a large rectangular sign with a thin black border contains the text "At Home" above "Joanna Lee".

At Home
Joanna Lee



Joanna lives in a duplex apartment. It takes no
Sherlock Holmes to deduce this — here we
see her on the stairs, and take it from Jem Dandy,
girls like Joanna don't live in houses, so she's in
an apartment. So come on in: the daughter's fine.

The chores of the day are now over.
Joanna has studied the Encyclopedia
Britannica, played on the harpsichord for
several hours, baked a cake, and written
two best-selling novels. Tea is boiling in the
kitchen: now she will do what
her little heart desires.





HOW TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE D'HOTE

(or . . . putting the a la carte before the hors d'oeuvre)



JEM DANDY'S SEASONED*

FOOD and DRINK DEPT.:

*Last month, if you'll remember how you smiled through the bubbles of your bicarb and soda, we called it J.D.'s NEW Food & Drink Dept. Now that it's been cooking for a couple of fortnights, it is no longer new, but properly hung, as good beef or game should be. We do repeat (as o richly abundant meal it wouldn't do) that the recipes herein ore real; only the names of companions, bonifaces, and scenes of combat have changed to protect J.D. from his creditors.

ONCE upon a Jem Dandy of a college weekend, when he had ditched our perennial guest, Lady Rounseville, in the Gowanus Canal, we fled to the steeps of San Francisco where we looked up an old companion of schooldays named Herman Glockenspiel.

After we had informed Herman of our mission, which was to relive the old campus days for the educational, back-to-school dedication of this issue of J. D., he promptly rounded up a couple of alumni named Uncle Fritz and Cupcake, who repaired with us to a cellar called (appropriately, we think) The Cellar.

There we whiled away a happy evening drinking alternate stirrup cups of Scotch and Pernod and playing a game, reminiscent of our years under the shaded elms,

called "Absinthe makes the heart grow ponder."

Perhaps the last word is "fonder," or even "rounder." Nevertheless, it is a pleasant diversion which separates the men from the co-eds (and everybody from a lot of cash) and is played thusly:

All hands have a Scotch, then a Pernod, then a Scotch, then a Pernod, ad infinitum. (If you can add infinitum, let us know: IBM is waiting for your type to replace the electronic brain.)

Eventually, one of the group succumbs to inner forces beyond his cope and beats a hasty retreat in several directions all at once. Whereupon his pious friends and drunken companions

open up with a loud and raucous debate, the subject being:

Which one of us left?

(Cont. on Page 60)



A Thousand and one nights (... in a sorority house)

(A thousand and one translations have been written on the classic tales of "1,001 Nights." Depending on your state of education, you will have read some of them, and perhaps you will have said — as did J.D. to his professor in Classics, 38-29-37 or bust — "who digs this crazy Casanova-ing, anyway?" Well, mon, let us dig o' thousand and one nights ahead of the original, replace the fig greens with campus ivy, and let the leaves fall where they moy.)

ONCE upon a college campus in Brooklyn, North Dakota, there was matriculated a handsome figure of a man named, rightfully, Nickolas Capistrano. For devious reasons, he was enrolled as Cappy St. Nick, possibly because of the eccentricities of a benevolent alumnus who was picking up the tab and, at the same time, still ranked at his own failure in freshman Greek.

Nickolas, to cut a long man short, was a chest-thumper. He had been plucked from the avocado groves by the old grad during a recruiting campaign, and it was brutally obvious that he felt he had to live up to the new name the old grad (*Continued on page 52*)





Beverly gets the good word that you're coming

**"BEVERLY
GETS READY
FOR A DATE"**

*By special permission,
JEM records what goes on
before you get there*



Looks like rain.
She hopes your
car has a top.

She exercises a
bit to keep
that perfect figure.



Beverly selects
her prettiest
dress, all
for you.



After exercise, comes a little beauty sleep.



She practices how graciously
she will greet you.



She dreams of wonderful
romance and wonderful you.

And now, at last Beverly
is ready and waiting.

But where in
hell ARE you



GREEN GROWS THE CORN



O. B. McElroy



QUESTION:

If a guy tells lousy jokes, is he a lousy guy?



IT wasn't as if Dale Crockett wanted anything unreasonable, like a million tax-free bucks in the bank, or twenty minutes under a warm shower with Marilyn Monroe. All he needed for happiness was to get away from Mushky Green's crummy jokes. And with Mushky on his annual two-week vacation, you'd think that Dale's troubles were temporarily at least—over.

Somehow, they weren't. Pick it up right now, at 8:40 on a sunny August morning. Dale stopped the pickup

truck to let Bill Adams, Mushky's substitute, take the wheel. As they swapped places, his eye caught one of the many billboards lining the Long Island highway. There was nothing startling on it . . . the sign claimed, among other things, that Dromedaries were the nation's biggest-selling cigarette.

Dale had nothing against the brand . . . he smoked them himself. But it irked him that the ad brought instantly to mind the same corny joke it had called forth so many hundreds

of times from his vacationing helper. "They're a big seller, all right, all right!" Mushky would say, his close-set eyes giving Dale the sidelong glance which warned that a hot one was coming up. "But I know a bigger one! The camel under the National Guard armor! That's the biggest camel in the whole world!"

It usually took two city blocks for Mushky's gasping laugh to sizzle down to a chuckle, and another three before he wiped the last happy tear from his cheeks. "How was that?"

he would demand, proudly. "Some joke, huh?"

Dale shuddered at the thought of the accumulated anguish he had endured in the year he had been working with the battered ex-pug. Yet he knew that Steve, the head dispatcher, had meant well in teaming them up. "Fellah near sixty needs help on those big refrigerators and washing machines," Steve claimed. "I'm going to assign Mushky to you. He drove a cab before coming with us, and before that he moved furniture. Just the man you need!"

Steve's judgment had been good: they made a fine combo. From the very outset they became the Number One installation and repair team, and they held their supremacy during the entire fifty weeks they worked together. Aside from being a topnotch driver and a good man at jockeying around heavy units, Mushky had turned out to be surprisingly handy

(Continued on page 54)



By AL MAYER

*In her heyday, she made her compatriots look like freshmen
... so take a senior-grade lesson from*

Belle Livingstone

... who outwitted them all!

INSURANCE companies figured Belle Livingstone was a poor risk. None of them would write a policy on her life. But Belle Livingstone had a lesson for the underwriters—and for you, man. She outlived all the playboys and playgirls of her time and died at the age of 92.

In the Gay Nineties when the whole world was laughing, Belle Livingstone, barely turned sixteen, was already entrenched in a set whose members vied with each other trying to outdo each other in every conceivable folly.

Some became famous because of their talents. Others because of their liberties and debauchery. The era's emblem could have been a huge candle beckoning thousands of moths to its glare, daring

them to come on and play and not get their wings singed. With few exceptions, most of them could not have passed freshman English. But not so Belle Livingstone.

She wasn't a sensational star to start with. In the chorus of a successful London musical, Belle was a statuesque, beautiful creature, the typical Gibson Girl type. In fact she was the great artist Charles Dana Gibson's inspiration for the original Gibson girl.

She had unusual lavender-bluish eyes—they were Belle's most valuable asset. They made people want to know her and they helped to open the door to the set which otherwise she might have found difficult. (Continued on page 58)



IN true back-to-school tradition, old Professor Jim Dandy turns this month's Quipping Post into a quiz—a light-hearted one, to be sure, but by no means a snap. How much do you think campus humor has changed in twenty years? Test yourself on the twenty quips that follow and see if you can tell which are of current vintage—and which go back to 1937. When you're finished, grade yourself on Page 64. Ready, students?

**ONE**

She: "There are lots of girls who don't pet in parked cars."

He: "Yeah, the woods are full of them."

—*Cornell Widow*

TWO

Three football players at different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortunes. The man from USC said: "That calculus was just too damn much." The man from California said: "It was trigonometry that got me." Then the one from Michigan said: "Did youse guys ever hear of long division?"

—*Ohio State Sundial*

THE CAMPUS

QUIPPING POST

THREE

Pike: "That blonde I was with sure was a scrapper."

Kappa Sig: "Did you finally kiss her?"

Pike: "Yeah. I saw that I would have to or she would beat me up."

—*Oklahoma Aggieator*

FOUR

Anatomy: Something that everybody has
but it looks better on a girl.

—*Illinois Wesleyan Argus*

FIVE**SHADY POME**

The shades of night were falling fast.
When for a kiss he asked her,
She must have answered "yes" because
The shades came down much faster.

—*N. Y. U. Varieties*

SEVEN

As the doorman ran down to open the limousine door,
he tripped and rolled down the last four steps. "For
heaven's sake, be careful!" admonished the club manager.
"People will think that you are one of the members."

—*Oklahoma Covered Wagon*

(Continued on Page 57)



Saynomora

Harken, students,
to the mysterious
ways of the
East, here chalked
on your slate in
a Michener - style
co - educational
geography lesson.
This is, perhaps, a
sorority initiation
in Tokyo? Ah, so,
deseku. Turn page,
prease!





Resson continue (as they say in Japan) but now seems to be course in anatomy for giggling geru students. Poor Butterfly even hides behind her fan. Too bad.

Resson over. Sorong--and saynomora.



POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Miss Goodrich goes prospecting for gold



At left, Miss Goodrich, a devout Mohamedan, salutes Allah and asks that the way be made clear to finding infinite riches.



Divesting herself of a hampering garment, our young prospector sets about the search for gold with a will. Above, imbued with the spirit of '49, Miss Goodrich observes the rocky soil of her holdings. Will the land yield the treasure? Will Miss Goodrich ever dress in silks and satins? Get a lode off your mind—she won't.



SOULMATE

Dear Soulmate:

Come now, you can't expect me to believe you've told me the whole story. There must be a reason for her behavior. Either she found somebody else or you found somebody else or both of you found somebodies else. An incident such as you described doesn't happen without provocation. However, if it happened as you say—without provocation — you're in the clear. In fact, you're one provocation ahead of the game. Be happy.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

How often should a guy take "No" for an answer. There's this girl in the plant — works at the next pencil sharpener to me — and everyday I say to her, "Selma, how about it tonight. We go stepping?" And she invariably answers, "The only stepping I want to do is on your face, Niles." This has been going on for eight years. Should I continue to make overtures?

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Dear Try, Try Again:

You haven't been getting "No" answers. You've been getting "Drop dead" answers. A simple, factual, out-and-out "No" is something you can safely disregard. A girl automatically says "No." It is a reflex action, like when the doctor hits you on the knee with his little rubber hammer. You can expect a "No" or a series of "Nos." But a "Drop dead" is something else again — that's a "No" with teeth in it. Take that at its face value. Drop dead.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My wife is carrying on with another man. I know this for a fact. She makes no bones about it. She laughs and says, "I wouldn't make a bone about this for the world. Sure, me and Floyd are that way. So do me something." We are living with her parents and her mother, bless her black old heart, is also carrying on with another man. My poor father-in-law knows about that, too. My problem is purely one of genetics — is infidelity inherited? I'm worried about the kids.

CURIOUS

DEAR CURIOUS:

About the only thing you can definitely guarantee that is not inherited is impotency. Anything else may be, although science can't say for certain yet. As for infidelity, chances are it's not. Your wife probably did not inherit her loose feet from her mother. But she undoubtedly caught the germ from her. Environment, you see, is what breeds infidelity. I wouldn't worry about the kids at all. In your environment, they're probably carrying on right now. The only thing you can do is make sure they don't take up arson.

DEAR MR. WAN:

Seven months ago, I met a lovely girl. It was a whirlwind courtship. We love each other very much. Yesterday we had a bouncing eight-pound baby boy. I never thought anything about it — I always was lousy in arithmetic — but the guys at the office have been kidding me. What should I do?

NAIVE NATHAN

DEAR NAIVE NATHAN:

Forget about the evil-minded bums at the office. If you love her, what difference what happened before you met? And the baby will give you great pleasure, no matter what (or who) actually caused its arrival. This is a tough world and a man has to seize on any stray hit of happiness that comes his way and hold tight. Sure, you could create a fuss and make everybody unhappy. What good would it do you? Relax and enjoy life. Besides, where were you nine months ago?

* * *

DEAR MR. WAN:

I'm 16. I think I'm in love. I'll tell you my symptoms — there's this girl at school. She's got a figure like a terrain map of Pike's Peak. She has long blonde hair and big blue eyes and lips like two big wet oysters. Every time I see her and she smiles at me, I grow limp. Everytime she kisses me, I get dizzy. Everytime she nuzzles me in the neck, I see stars. And all the guys at school say they feel the same. Is this love?

EXPERIENCED

DEAR EXPERIENCED:

If this isn't love, it'll do until the real thing comes along. But I worry about your last statement — about the other guys at school feeling the same. Something tells me you're mixed up with one of those wholesale girls. For your own sake, send me her address.

* * *

DEAR MR. WAN:

Every other Tuesday, my girl friend says, "Gee, I'm sorry, Gordon, not tonight." Then she launches into some sick story about having to visit an aged aunt who collects petrified butterfly wings and needs her help every other Tuesday in dusting them. Sounds fishy to me. So I trailed her last week and I was right. Her aunt has no butterfly wings at all. In fact her aunt looked more like Elvis Presley. So I said, "Your aunt looks like Elvis Presley." And she said, "Oh, you mean Aunt Elvis?" Sounds fishy to me.

UNCLE LANA

DEAR UNCLE LANA:

So she looks like Elvis Presley. So what. The poor woman has trouble enough without you insulting her. And if you ever call me Aunt Elvis again, I'll give you what for.

* * *

DEAR MR. WAN:

I met my girl in the park. And we've dated a lot of times, but always outdoors. Last night, we went to a movie. So I took my hat off. So, for the first time, she noticed that I've got a pointed head. And now she refuses to talk to me. I say that's being narrow minded. Isn't that narrow minded?

FLATTOP

DEAR FLATTOP:

Yes, it is narrowed minded. A pointed head is nothing to be ashamed of. And tell her of its many advantages — carrying doughnuts on picnics, serving as a stake in a horseshoe pitching contest, holding an assortment of Life Savers, etc. As for this present girl, forget her. She's cruel and selfish to seize on a man's affliction as a basis for breaking off a friendship. And the chances are that she, herself, is hiding some physical fault. Most girls are.

* * *

had bestowed on him.

Now it so happened that Brooklyn was a co-educational institution of learning. And Nickolas, having picked many an avocado from the trees in his pre-college days, got the idea that his new name meant he was Santa to all women and therefore they would fall into his bag of gifts like so many ripe alligator pears.

Nickolas even went so far as to spread the word to all and sundry that while he might be taken out at left field as easily as an unfilled tooth, come sundown on sorority row he was capable of tackling any play that moved into his line of scrimmaging. And it was then — to hear Nickolas tell it — that his scrimmaging was at its best.

Nickolas's braggadocio reached such proportions that his classmates, who at first paid no more attention to it than they did to Nick himself, became sorely annoyed. Nevertheless, they continued to treat him with disdain. They pointedly moved away when he sought to mingle with them in such assorted haunts as the underclassman's lounge, the Choc-lat Shoppe, or Joe's Beer-stude.

Thus they got their reports of Nick's self-proclaimed exploits second hand. With no one else to confide in, Nick bent the absorbent ears of soda jerks and bartenders, who in turn gladly relayed the information on to the rest of the students when Nick was not about. It is to be presumed that this brush-off treatment led Nick to liven up the plot of his tales in hopes his classmates would be so impressed they could no longer ignore him. At any rate, eventually he went too far and, in a manner of speaking, won his place in Brooklyn's sun, if only momentarily.

What brought the situation to full heat, so to speak, was Nick's proclamation to all who would listen that his charms were so great the girls were smuggling him into sorority houses for purposes of clandestine romance.

The Big-Men-On-Campus could stand it no longer. Perhaps they became aroused by what they considered a blot on the escutcheons of their fair campus sisters; or perhaps they felt they were missing out on extra-curricular delights. Whichever it was, they formed a committee and held an audience with the leaders of the sorority set to get to the bottom of the matter.

It turned out, as you might well have suspected it would, that Nickolas had never set foot inside a sorority house either by day or by the dark of the moon. In fact, the consensus of the sorority girls was that Nick was as oafish on a date as he was out on the gridiron, and he had been blacklisted up and down sorority row ever since his first blind date with a gullible freshman who, fortunately for her own sanctity, was a member of the girl's wrestling squad.

Nevertheless, the girls and guys agreed that Nickolas should be squelched for good and proper, lest he continue his bragging on trips away from school and thus besmirch the fair name of Brooklyn's co-eds.

The trap they set was as pellucid as a campus widow's heart, but by this time Nick had drugged himself with his own heady dreams. He was at that slap-happy stage of self-delusion that he would have considered a slap across the chops with a dead haddock as a gesture of friendship, and thus he was a push-over for the sudden campaign of animosity waged by boys and girls alike.

Oh, they were as subtle as necessary, and in Nick's case, perhaps, even more so. First they stayed put when he approached, and gradually they indicated a growing willingness to converse with him. They let him buy a round of malteds or brew when it was his turn, and they bought back for him. By and by some of the girls even let him date them, although it was only on double dates with protection assured by requiring one or more of the participants to be qualified in judo, Indian wrestling or knuckle-dusting.

In a few weeks, when they felt he was ripe for the plucking, one of the secret service girls of sorority row let Nick sit alone with her in a booth at Joe's Beerstude. In this safe solitude, she dropped the word to Nick that he was so irresistible one of the Biggest Girls on Campus wanted him to spend the evening with her — at the sorority house. The sorority sisters, Nick was assured, would stand guard to see that his evening with their sorority queen was not interrupted.

On the appointed night, when Nick arrived at the house, he had no more than set foot inside the door than he was pounced upon by a delegation of girls and blindfolded.

Before he could protest, he was told that he must not at first see the queen; he would be led to her, and willingly he let himself be led through corridors and up stairs until a new voice announced she was the queen — and he could touch her hand.

No sooner did he touch the warm and definitely feminine fingers, however, than he was led away again. His captors smothered Nick's questions and explained that the queen wouldn't play unless Nick allowed his head to be shaved; the queen, it seemed, had a secret yen for Yul Brynner.

Before you could say "backfield in motion," they had him stripped to his shorts and his bushy chest shaved bare.

"Now go chase her!" the voices whispered in his ear, and they yanked off his blindfold.

The house was darker than the inside of a left-guard's brain. Only the faint beam of a pencil flashlight beckoned toward him, like Tinkerbell in "Peter Pan," and a throaty voice called "Come on, Nick, follow me!"

In and out of the darkened rooms he ran, upstairs and down, pursuing the illusive light that ran on swift feet, always just beyond his reach.

At last there was a long dark hall. Even in the blackness, it loomed in Nick's eyes like a clear path down the field to a touchdown. He put down his head and charged.

Suddenly he felt a blast of cool air and heard a door slam behind him. He stopped short, skidding on his bare feet, and looked up from his bull-like charge. As his head came up, a hundred powerful flashlights caught him in their glare and a roar of laughter shattered the night.

The light held Nickolas mercilessly as he stood on the sidewalk outside the sorority house in nothing but his garish shorts. It shone on his newly-shaved skull, and his once hirsute chest looked like a pickled chicken.

Then he started running. He ran through the howling crowd, too weak in their mirth to stop him. And he kept running across the campus, into the night. For all anyone knows, he kept running until he reached the alligator pear groves, for to this day he has never been heard of again at Brooklyn, North Dakota.

economics, there's outdoor science (Betty Blue Forecasts the Weather, Page 14), geography (our Saynoimora nightclub visit to Japan, Page 44), home economics (choice of Trouble With a Skirt, Page 10, or At Home With Diana Lee, Page 26).

We have not neglected the classics, as you'll see on Page 12. (The Man Who Outdid Casanova) and on Page 32 (A Thousand and One Nights In a Sorority House).

And we have made sure that when you go back to school, you'll be hep. You'll know how to get along with co-eds (Page 6) and how to get out from under the table (Page 30).

* * *

J. D., as we pointed out a few paragraphs back, is ageless, and when this issue was in preparation we took to reflecting on the differences between college life of yesterday and today.

The storied campus age, of course, was in the time of Belle Livingstone, when gin—as a do-it-yourself project—was the universal drink and raccoon coats when universally worn to cover up the visible evidence of erosion left by the gin.

Thirty years ago, in the gin-and-raccoon days, the Stutz bearcat and Model T were other symbols. And so were the girls in low-waisted, high-kneed dresses who could perform the Charleston at the drop of their (then unnecessary) brassieres. How much do you think it's changed?

Take the transition of twenty years ago. It was the outer edge of the depression, and there were bathtubs that had rings around them because liquor

had been re-legalized. The mark of affluence was a good suit (raccoon was now passe), a convertible, and Haig & Haig Scotch. Money was coming back as fast as booze, but the symbol of it was dignity.

Ten years ago was the outer edge of war, and the students coming back from their interrupted campus life. They introduced married life to the campus; indeed, many of them rocked the cradle while they crammed for the spring exams. And they drove parloined jeeps and second-hand cars. Nothing flamboyant, like the Model T of the Twenties with such lettering on the doors as "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Just cars for utility transportation, more often than not with a kiddie-seat strapped in. Haig & Haig had been replaced by an economical blended whiskey, but beer was even easier on the wallet.

In the year 1957, as the ivy blooms again, the Stutz and Tin Lizzies of yesterday have been supplanted by little foreign sports cars—MGs, for instance, in mint condition or in third or fourth-hand shambles, depending on the mood and affluence of the owner—and by motorbikes. Suits are slim and narrow of leg and cuff. They call it the natural look. The co-eds, too, are slim, but definitely not flat as were their sisters of the Twenties. This, we agree heartily, is the natural look, too. You'll find plenty of pictorial evidence in these pages.

* * *

Except for the externals, J. D. can't find much of a change in campus life and attitude.

In looking back twenty years, for example, J. D. dug into the attic for a 1937 issue of *College Humor*. There we found a fiction piece illustrated (under another name) by J. D.'s own star illustrator, John Martin.

We also found distinct traces of the 1920 brand of humor. You may remember the classic cartoon of the college couple turning up at the police station lugging the back seat of a car to report a stolen automobile. We leave it to your own imagination as to how many switcheroos have been pulled on that to fit the passing years.

Twenty years ago, to continue, we found Howard Brubaker's quip that "the University of New Hampshire offers a course in weather forecasting; apply there if you want a good guess conductor."

As we have already advised, we go you one better in weather forecasting on Page 14.

We found such quotes as these:

"Not all dull books are classics, but all the classics are dull." (Prof. Briggs, English, University of Minnesota.)

J. D.'s 1957 rebuttal: Page 32.

"Drunk is he who from the floor cannot rise for one drink more." (Prof. E. A. Whitney, Law, St. John's University.)

J. D.'s solution: Page 30.

"The trouble with young people today is that they go off on honeymoons without bothering to get married." (Dr. Robert E. Lee, Law, Temple University.)

J. D.'s reaction: They went that-away.

* * *

Getting Along With Co-Eds (Continued from page 9)

his female classmates are stepping out with juniors and seniors and other old men. He feels unloved, unwanted, unhappy.

This is a problem, of course, that time will solve. But, for a few weeks or months, while a young boy is adjusting to college life, it can be a major one in his mind.

The best thing for the boy to do, if it is geographically possible, is to go

back home for a week-end. He'll find the high school girls now find him irresistible. He's a college man (even if he is only a freshman) and, to a high school girl, a college man is something super. So a week-end back amid the adoring high school girls will build up his ego to the point where he can take the icy cold slights of his fellow freshman females.

If he can't afford to go home, or if

it is too far, he might investigate the high schools in the college town. A lot of college men go through an entire four-year-education without once dating a college girl. They find the local girls (townies, they're often called) are less complicated and less expensive than the college girls.

Enjoy college. It only happens once. Don't worry about learning—you can always learn later. Just have fun.

the house. It seemed like any ordinary house, but still there was an air of mystery about the place. The lights were down low, and there was a fire burning in the fireplace. Adams eyes fastened on the fireplace, where the flames were dancing as in no fire he'd ever seen.

"There is where your future lies, Mr. Taylor," spoke the old woman, "if you'll pull up a chair, we'll see what the flames have to say to you tonight."

As if in a trance, he pulled a chair near the fire and sat down. The old woman stood behind his chair, and they both stared into the flames.

"The flames speak strong for you tonight." His voice grew deeper. "The fire tells me that your wife is going to have a baby tonight," she paused. "I'm sorry, had news. It will be a boy, but it will be born dead."

Adam didn't move.

The old woman's voice grew deeper, and seemed to be coming from far away. "More bad news, Mr. Taylor. Two hours after the baby is born, your wife will die, I do not know why, but neither will the doctor."

Adam jumped to his feet screaming. "That's enough, you're lying."

To his surprise the room was empty. No, not quite empty, the old woman was gone, but her voice was still there.

"No, that's not enough. One thing more, the father will be found dead the

next morning." The voice seemed to come from another world, but still made the walls echo.

He ran to the door as fast as his fat legs would carry him, he grasp the knob, then stopped. He strode slowly to the fireplace and spit into the flames.

A bewildered nurse met him at the hospital door. "We've looked everywhere for you, Mr. Taylor."

"Is anything wrong," he asked.

The nurse composed herself. "Yes, I have bad news. Your wife gave birth to a son, but he was born dead."

He gasp and sat down. "And my wife, how's my wife?"

"Your wife is fine. Don't worry about her, she'll be all right."

For two hours Adam sat with his face in his hands. Then a hand touched his shoulder and he looked up.

Tears ran down the cheeks of the nurse.

"Don't tell me," he said. "I know my wife is dead."

Her jaw dropped. "How did you know?"

"You don't know what she died of, is that right?"

"That's right."

He sighed. "Please sit down and I'll tell you how I know, and how I know that I'll be dead in the morning."

She sat down besides him, and he told her the entire story of his trip to the fortune teller.

"You don't believe that, do you,

Mr. Taylor?"

"What else can I believe? Hasn't she been right?" He jumped to his feet. "The father will be found dead the next morning." Those were her very words."

The nurse tried to cheer him up. "That's just coincidence. She could have guessed you were going to be a father, after all, she's just across the street from the hospital. Lots of babies are born dead, and as for your wife, people die every day."

"Maybe so," he muttered. "but it all seems to work just as she said."

"You go home and get some sleep. I'll get the doctor to give you something to help."

The empty house seemed to be a part of hell to Adam as he opened the door. He turned on the light and glanced at the clock, one-thirty. Not much longer, he thought. He went to the kitchen and took two of the pills the doctor had given him. He sat down and watched the kitchen clock. His mind kept returning to the words of the fortune teller, "the father will be found dead the next morning."

He was watching the clock as the morning sun peeped through the window. Seven o'clock. He pinched himself, yes there was still pain. He was alive. Live men have to eat, no matter what, so he put the coffee pot on the stove. He walked to the front door, to get the milk, he opened the door, and there on the front step, lay the milkman . . . Dead . . .

• • •

Green Grows the Corn

 (Continued from page 39)

with tools. You had to watch him to make sure he didn't install the fan-blade wrong-side-out, or maybe cross up the wires, but within his limitations, Mushky Green was doggoned good!

If only he could be convinced that as a comedian he stank! Why couldn't he be quiet and retiring, like Bill Adams? Not that Bill was half the helper Mushky was; he wasn't even a good driver . . . got jittery in heavy traffic. That made it tough on Dale, having to take over the driving so often. But it was better than sitting

with teeth and fists clenched whenever they approached a busy intersection.

"This call we're on . . ." Bill said. "Is it this side of the cemetery?"

"No. Two blocks beyond it."

The casual mention of a cemetery caused Dale to shudder. Not at the thought of death . . . he wasn't superstitious. But for the past year he had been forced to listen to Mushky's pet graveyard joke at least twenty times a week.

"That's a big cemetery, all right!" Mushky would say. Then the nerve-rasping query: "Yuh know how many

people is dead in that there cemetery?"

Dale had long since given up replying to Mushky's questions or laughing at his jokes; his helper required neither straight-man nor audience. There would come the usual side-long look, and then the dreaded punchline. "All of 'em is dead! Every damn one of 'em!"

He knew he couldn't take it for another year. Or even another week! He would insist on another helper.

That was why he had come early to work that morning . . . to have a talk with Steve. Before he could bring it

Top Doctors Answer The Question...

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness—read the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

But first, let's understand a few facts about hair loss and baldness. Doctors, dermatologists, and top research men in the hair field are not always in complete agreement, but they do agree that there is no such nostrum as a hair grower. No chemical, no electric gadget, no formula can grow hair. What can be done is to stimulate more blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles, and to keep the scalp healthy and germ free, thereby removing any outside impediment to normal hair growth.

Now, what can be done to prevent the progressive loss of hair? Doctors do not agree on the most significant cause of baldness. Certain facts do stand out, however, in spite of disagreement. There is little or nothing that you can do if your hair loss is hereditary in origin. Recognize the hard fact that if your hair loss is due to factors beyond scientific control, you are going to get bald no matter what you try. And a large body of dermatologists believes that heredity is the largest single factor causing the loss of hair.

That is the black side of the picture. But there is also a hopeful side. Another large group of dermatologists believes that seborrhea (a common scalp disorder) is a common cause of baldness, and that seborrhea should be controlled to prevent the hair loss it causes. The symptoms of seborrhea are easily recognizable. They are: dandruff, dry or oily scalp, scalp itch, head scales—and a progressive loss of hair.



HOW COMATE STOPS HAIR LOSS

A recently developed formula series called Comate effectively controls seborrhea, eliminates dandruff, stops scalp itch, corrects excessively dry or oily scalp, and effectively stops the hair loss caused by seborrhea.

We cannot and do not take sides in this medical controversy over which is a more significant cause of baldness, heredity or seborrhea. But we do know that we sold thousands of bottles of the Comate Formula Series on a money back guarantee, and less than 2% of our customers were dissatisfied with Comate and asked for one received their money back. We received hundreds and hundreds of letters acclaiming the wonderful performance of Comate not only in controlling seborrhea, but in effectively stopping hair loss. We are reprinting in this advertisement excerpts of some of these letters because they so effectively tell all the amazing performance of Comate.

MEN AND WOMEN COMMEND COMATE

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonies received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll never eat it, tea!

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 out my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." —L. N. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. R., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO, M. Y.

"My husband has had many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp troubles. Helped while he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. L. L., Frost, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my hair. I had no results with Comate. I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff and itch scalp. My hair looks thicker." —C. E. H., St. Paul, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples and all over. Now it looks much thicker. I can tell it." —Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. K. R., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. S., Lubbock, Ga.

"I've used a good many different tonics. But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff and itch scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling out." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —W. W. M., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has impressed me. Hair in one week and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy about it. I have to write." —Mrs. H. J., McCandless, Pa.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Comate works: (1) By its rubefacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. (2) By its germicidal action, it kills scalp germs on contact, thereby eliminating an outside impediment to normal hair growth. (Comate's germ-killing properties have been proven in a series of scientific tests by a leading testing laboratory—copy of laboratory report on request). (3) Comate controls seborrhea, stops scalp itch. By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum, head scales, and ugly dandruff. Used as directed, it tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness or oiliness. A few treatments and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital and healthier. Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of impending baldness. Comate will help you or it doesn't cost you a penny.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Now, here is our compelling offer. Try Comate in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days, you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk. So don't wait. Delay may cost you your hair.

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 - Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postage.
 - Send C.O.D. I will pay postage \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.
- Name: _____
- Address: _____
- City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

up, the despatcher opened up on him. "Got rough news, Old Timer," Steve said. "You slipped last week. But bad!"

He yanked out the past week's efficiency report. "You don't do so good without Mushky, do you? With only thirty teams operatin', you fell off to twenty-fifth place!"

Dale could have explained easily that Bill Adams couldn't anticipate his every move the way Mushky did. And he wasn't strong . . . their first day together Dale hurt his back helping carry a compressor out to the truck, something Mushky could have handled without even breathing hard. His back was better now, but it sure had slowed him up all week.

It was easy enough to explain, but what kind of build-up would that be for requesting a change in helpers? Before he could think up a new approach, some of the other boys arrived in the despatching room.

He knew that Steve would be against breaking up his Number One team, but would have to give in . . . it was customary at the shop for a serviceman to have the final say as to his helper.

Dale drew a sharp breath as an unpleasant thought struck him. Steve had to grant him a new assistant, but he didn't have to be diplomatic about it. Suppose he said to Mushky: "I'm lettin' you go, fella. Dale Crockett don't want you!"

That would just about kill Musky. Dale could see the look on the old mauler's face . . . the stunned surprise when the full impact of the words registered on the punch-woozy brain. For Musky liked everybody, and in his

slap-happy way he was sure that everybody liked him. There was no telling what he might do if Steve didn't break it to him gently.

Damn-it-to-hell! A fellow had to think of himself, didn't he? If he threw Mushky over he might break the guy's heart. And if he didn't be could easily go nuts listening to the crummy jokes over and over again!

Bill Adam's voice yanked him back to the present. "Shopping center ahead. Looks like heavy traffic. Want to take over:

"Keep driving!" Dale ordered. A fine assistant Steve wished off on him . . . couldn't go through a three-block business area without yelling for help!

As they stopped for the traffic light, Dale watched the antics of the scrawny beanpole of a woman who sold papers at the entrance to the corner subway station. "That's Nellie the News-Girl," he said. "She's been hawking papers on that corner ever since the subway came out here."

"Yeah, I know," Bill said, as the light changed and the truck moved forward. "I've seen her before."

I've seen her before! What a perfect set-up for one of Mushky's most obnoxious jokes! Perhaps he should stick to his guns after all . . . a fellow has a right to think of himself, hasn't he?

"So you've seen her before, have you?" This, he felt, was a sure-fire way to keep himself from getting soft-hearted about the old stumble-bum. Whenever anything came up which reminded him of one of Mushky's gags, he'd pull it on Bill! By the time they got back to the shop, he'd be mad enough to lay the law down to Steve!

"All right, so you've seen her be-

fore! Tell me, Bill, have you ever seen her behind?"

He was prepared for the startled look Bill gave him. But he wasn't prepared for the ear-splitting guffaw which filled the cab, nor for the peals of laughter which shook his helper's body. Dale grabbed at the wheel to keep the weaving truck from ramming into the row of cars parked at the curb. Quickly he cut the ignition; Bill was howling like a damned idiot! And driving the same way.

Bill got himself under control when Dale stalked around to the driver's side, a chorus of horns rising from the stalled traffic. "Sorry, Dale," he said, as he moved out from behind the wheel. Sudden laughter caught him again in its grip. "Have you ever seen her behind?" he gasped. "That's the best one I ever heard!"

* * *

As they neared the location of their first job, Dale felt the angry tension slip away from his jaw and his spirit. Could it be that the fault lay with himself rather than with Mushky? Or was Bill Adams a moron too? It didn't matter, he told himself. Mushky was the best helper in the shop! Together they made a terrific team! It would be a dirty shame to throw the guy over just because he had one little weakness!

Suppose he did get another assistant, even a good one? It wouldn't solve anything. Whenever any one of a number of situations came up, he would always think of Mushky's joke, wherever the guy was! He would be no worse off listening to it than thinking about it! And you could bet your bottom buck that Steve wouldn't get another chance to needle him about being in twenty-fifth place . . . when Mushky got back from his vacation, they'd show the gang at the shop who was who when it came to getting a job done!

He brought the truck to a stop before the cemetery gates to let a procession of cars enter from the opposite direction. Bill was watching him worriedly; they hadn't spoken since the incident of the shopping center. No use keeping Bill in the doghouse, he thought. He'd be rid of him in a couple of days.

"Big cemetery, isn't it?"

"Sure is," Bill said, his voice grateful with relief.

Dale gave him a sidelong look. "Do you know how many people are dead in that there cemetery?"

* * *

EXPERT
TATTOOING



CYNICS' DEFINITIONS

Honesty: Fear of being caught.
 Good Sport: One who will always let you have your own way.
 Moron: One who is content with a serene mind.
 Pessimist: One who sees things as they are.
 Coach: Fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.
 Conscience: The voice that tells you not to do something after you have done it.
 Bad girl: One who carries love to its logical conclusion.

—*M.I.T. Voodoo*

NINE

"How about some old-fashioned loving?"
 "Allright. I'll call grandma."

—*Cornell Widow*

TEN

It was late. The stars were shinning brightly. The moon was pale. He opened the door of the car, helped her out, took her arms and walked up to the door with her. They stood and gazed at each other for some time; then, finally, he spoke.

"Listen, I've done everything you wanted to do tonight. I took you to the theater. I took you to dinner. I took you to a night club to dance; and now, you're going to do something I want to do or I'll break your neck for you" . . . and he would have broken it, too.

—*Western Reserve Cat*

ELEVEN

Men are just as honest and truthful as women — that's why girls are so suspicious of them.

—*Mis-A-Sip*

TWELVE

The American missionary was enlightening a tribe of pigmies on the glories of civilization.

"In the outside world," he said, "we love our neighbors."

"Huzzanga!" cheered the natives.

"In the outside world," he continued, "we have eliminated war and poverty."

"Huzzanga!" screamed the pigmies, beating their spears on their shields.

"In the outside world, all is toler-

ance and understanding."

"Huzzanga! Huzzanga! Huzzanga!" thundered the natives in final tribute to the white man's words.

Later on, while talking to the chief, the missionary noticed an odd breed of cattle grazing in a nearby field, and asked if he could walk among them.

"Certainly," replied the chief, "but be careful not to step in the hazzanga."

—*Ohio State Sundial*

THIRTEEN

The hour was late and father was impatient when he said: "I can't see why that young man calling on our daughter hasn't sense enough to go home. It's past midnight."

Little brother spoke up: "He can't go, father — sister is sitting on him."

—*Scripts 'n' Pranks*

FOURTEEN

Teacher: "Now, children, every morning you ought to take a cold bath, and that will make you feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Boy in back of room: "Yeah, teacher, tell us some more about Rosie."

—*N.Y.U. Medley*

FIFTEEN

"How come he was kicked out of school?"

"He was cheating."

"How?"

"Got caught counting his ears during a physiology exam."

—*Chapparal*

SIXTEEN

Beauty is only skin deep.

—*Pawtuxent River Theatre*

SEVENTEEN

POEM

Lips that touch whiskey.

And lips that touch brew.

Are always the first lips

To say: "I love you."

—*Texas Ranger*

EIGHTEEN

Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a

place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "Here's a quarter, go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went out to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar, casually sipping a martini.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog, sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."

—*Cornell Widow*

NINETEEN

The chorine was examining one of her old gowns. The dress was torn and in a most dilapidated condition.

"Gee," she said, "what I'll have to do for this dress is nobody's business!"

"My Lord," returned her girl friend, "Ain't you done it yet?"

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

TWENTY

A man dashed into his boss's office and excitedly asked for fifteen minutes off from work. "My wife's going to have a baby," he explained.

"Go ahead," said the boss.

When the man returned fifteen minutes later, the boss asked, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"How in hell should I know," said the man. "You gotta wait nine months."

—*Ohio State Sundial*

If you had trouble figuring out whether the campus jokes in J.D.'s twenty questions were all new — or all old — we can't blame you. We're inclined to agree with the editor of the *Ohio State Sundial*, whose 1957 figuring goes thisaway:

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's sexy enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

After those words of wisdom, in case you still want to know what the score is, quips numbered 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 14, 17 and 19 were printed in their respective college publications twenty years ago. All the rest (including the September JEM) were considered by their current-day campus editors to be new.

* * *

to break into.

This was the age of "eccentrics" — people who suddenly appeared on the scene without warning. And said an eccentric gave Belle her first lesson in big money.

Every night he came to the theatre to see her. He sat in the first row, of the orchestra, watched her with fascinated eyes and left the moment she was through.

He never sent her flowers, or gave her presents. Neither did he invite her out. Members of the cast knew that he only came to see Belle and teased her about the "beau" she never had met.

One night he wasn't in his accustomed seat. The following night the seat was again vacant. He never came back. But although the theatre was a complete sell-out, apparently, the gentleman had reserved it for the run of the show.

Weeks passed, then one day a prominent law firm informed Belle that a gentleman client of theirs, recently deceased, had bequeathed her \$50,000.

"What a romance!" she often said. "My first love affair and I never even met the man."

Belle remained with the show until it closed, then headed for Paris where later she was to meet another "eccentric" and almost became the Empress of the Sahara.

Belle fell in love with Paris the day she came from London, a love which endured until her death. These early years in the French capital were some of her happiest in her long and varied career. It wasn't very long before she was the belle if not the star of a popular French revue, as might be expected.

To her new French dancing mates, she was quite a mystery. They could not understand how this beautiful American girl (they called her "La Grande Dame") was rich without a lover, or a conveniently dead husband.

A "Grande Dame," they reasoned, had to have a live lover or a dead husband. Belle had neither. No rich beau waited at the stage door. Instead, after the show she immediately went home alone.

Belle was an extremely well-educated woman. She could talk intelligently on

any subject. Away from the theatre she spent her spare time at the University of Paris, cramming that lovely head of hers with knowledge. She mastered French until she spoke it without any trace of accent.

She had no outstanding talent, such as a great dancer or singer or actress, but she became the toast of Europe by sheer personal magnetism. Just as she had inspired Charles Dana Gibson to create his Gibson Girl, so she inspired Alphonse Daudet to write his novel "Sappho" and suggested the dedication of the book which reads: "To my son when he is twenty-one years old." Belle reasoned every lad under twenty would want to read "Sappho" with such a dedication.

Daudet's basic idea for the plot came in this manner.

The big event every season was the Bal des Quatre Z'Arts: artists, poets, musicians, students, the cream of society and anyone else who could get in. Naturally, Belle Livingstone was there in all her glory.

The Bal des Quatre Z'Arts gave artists a rare opportunity to display their creative imagination to design fancy dresses. Belle, in a Gibson Girl outfit topped by an enormous straw hat, a garland of poppies at the base of the crown and a blue ribbon hanging down to her waist, was a striking figure.

Then she met a young student, bashful, out of place in this entourage, maybe three or four years older than Belle, but quite ignorant of the ways of the world. Soon it would be midnight. Everyone would remove their dominoes: he would see her in all her glorious beauty.

The French call it the "Coup de Foudre" the electric shock, for want of better definition. Forgotten the music, the mandolins, the frolicking crowd, pushing, laughing, huzzaing around them like thousands of bees . . .

They must get away, but where? To his room, Belle made the suggestion. He lived nearby in the heart of Montmartre. It wasn't an elegant room, he apologized. A walk-up on the fifth floor.

"Take me in your arms, carry me upstairs," she said.

Up the creaking stairs to the first floor was easy. The second flight was

slower. By the time he reached the third flight he wore a serious mien. At the fourth flight he wondered why he was doing it all. When at last he reached the fifth floor, the love-light had disappeared. Five flights of stairs had ended eternal love! This episode, related to Daudet by Belle, is the basic theme of "Sappho." But the story doesn't end there.

Twenty-five years later a prominent French Cabinet minister, on a visit to Washington, D.C., was the guest of honor at a diplomatic reception. During the evening he was introduced to a charming lady, who looked him straight in the eyes and said — in perfect French:

"A delightful reception, but not quite the Bal des Quatre Z'Arts. I haven't been to one in twenty-five years. The last time I went I remember I wore a large straw hat with poppies around it and a blue ribbon hanging down. But I never got above the fifth floor."

The diplomat reddened as he saw her walk away. Then a wide smile spread over his face.

"Incredible!" he murmured.

And now we come to Jean Labaudie, the sugar king, who wanted to be called Emperor.

He lined up petty diplomats who had fallen on evil days to form his "cabinet." He signed up Engineers, scientists, architects, all sorts of professional men and women, to go with him to the Sahara.

Paris is Paris. It loves to laugh, and the daffier the idea the better they like it. And it would have been difficult to imagine anything daffier than Laabaudie and his Emperor of Sahara dream. Couturiers, hat makers, shoemakers reaped a harvest. He refused to deal with large firms and placed his huge orders only with little people operating on a small scale, and designed his own fantastic costumes. Tradesmen began greeting him with shouts of "long live the Emperor" wherever he appeared.

I remember Belle talking about, how Laabaudie had approached her and offered her the title of Empress of Sahara, promising her untold wealth. Luckily, her common sense came to her rescue and she refused.



Mr. Sophisticated Citizen
Wherever you are
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My Dear Urbane Brother:

My charming ladies and I will be delighted to visit you periodically, if you will make the necessary simple arrangements. We will entertain you with the latest in adult witticisms, the most up-to-the-minute tales of the gay world we live in and a package of artistic tricks that will enthuse even the most blasé.

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Me TOO!

As a matter of fact, she was in one of her refusal moods at that moment. Toulouse-Lautrec and Paul Gauguin wanted to reproduce her on canvas. She declined the offer which might have put her on the road to posterity. Her reason for refusing to pose was that she feared she might have become known as a model for artists whose reputation for riotous living and debauchery were too well known.

Jacques Offenbach, however, was more successful. She agreed to dance the can-can for him, because her long legs which she could kick over her head with ease were ideally suited for the suggestive dance.

When she spoke of Offenbach — and she often did — she didn't picture him a roué but rather as a bon vivant who loved gaiety and women. Secretly he often told his intimate friends he was prouder to have composed the can-can than his masterpiece, "Tales of Hoffman." He loved to see the can-can danced by experts and Belle was one of them.

Belle Livingston was the feminine prototype of a playgirl. It could rightly be said of her that she worked at it. Independence of thought and action were her tenets.

She loved money for what it could give her but not enough to become its slave. When she had it, which was often, and when she didn't, which was oftener, she "retired" for a while. Whereto? Usually to a cheap room in some section of the city where nobody knew her. There she buried her-

self with her trustworthy friends — her precious books.

After a few weeks, or sometimes months, she suddenly reappeared, always flush with money, and took her place at the head of the parade of joy. Where she got the money no one ever found out. It certainly didn't come from a reserve fund or a secret cache, for she dreaded the very thought of suddenly dying with unspent money still in the bank.

During her "retirements" over the years she evolved certain typical Livingstonian maxims which summed up ran something like this:

Don't complain.

Don't be a bore.

Don't like Lot's wife, look back.

I recollect spending a delightful afternoon in her little room on 72nd Street in New York, just off Broadway, and listening to her talk when she was nearing the end of the line. There was no bitterness, no regrets. She had tried her hand at operating a plush speakeasy on Park Avenue, but only ran into trouble and made no money. She was a better customer than an operator.

"I never knew who my parents were," she told me that day. "A kindly couple found me under a sunflower plant and raised me as their own child. He was a newspaperman. I guess that's why I have been so partial to members of the Fourth Estate all my life."

"Since I had to come in the world under a flower, it was befitting it should be a sunflower. Surely, an

omen of what my life was to be. Those beautiful yellow petals certainly have been symbolic of the carpet of gold and the thousands of hands outstretched to reach it, only to see it scattered to the four winds by a simple gust of wind.

"Since a sunflower greeted my entrance in the world, I would wish a cactus plant carved on my tombstone to bid me farewell. The cactus has a beautiful purple flower in its center. It's difficult to reach without pricking your fingers on the hundreds of protective thorns which surround it. It can be done — but so few of us do it. It is more symbolic of life as it really is than the sunflower."

She paused for a moment. Then she smiled a little, mysteriously, and resumed:

"In Europe they used to say that before you could stand on your own feet you had to go through the College of Savoir Faire. I went through it, all right, but at this stage of my life, I rather think I should have taken an extra curriculum course!"

Belle Livingston died in poverty in a home for the aged.

No friends came to see her. Not because they had forgotten. There were none left to come. She had outlived them all. But even news of her death, the headlines remembered. Once more —however briefly she was Belle of Bohemia, the Toast of two Continents. She was the girl who could spend real money, and not take it out of somebody else's wallet.

• • •

How To Get Out From Under Food (*Continued from page 31*)

On such an evening, having pursued a cable car down Telegraph Hill under the illusion it was a mobile Western Union office, we paused for a nightcap at a delightful little hideaway called "Bottom of the Sweeter." There we had an unforgettable view of San Francisco's unforgettable plumbing whilst our genial host, an inescapable fellow named Glockenspiel, enlightened us on the more palatable uses of Pernod.

Once upon a time, as you may know the real absinthe was a liquor flavored with a variety of lovely herbs including *artemisia absinthium*, which, if you paid attention during your semester on second-year botany, is wormwood. Wormwood did strange things

to the brain centers, and was even known to induce maiden librarians to chase bald-headed deans down the ivied campus paths on moonlit nights, although we have only the word of Herman Glockenspiel for this.

For some such reason, however, the wormwood ingredient was outlawed, probably by some selfish cartel of bistros which felt a customer in the booby-hatch was not helping pay the rent. Thus a French family named Pernod became rich producing an absinthe bearing the family name. It tastes remarkably of licorice and it is produced under other names in just about every European country including Greece, where it is called Ouzo, perhaps because of the normal morn-

ing-after reaction, which is "Ouzo, what a head!"

We remember a French bartender in Venezuela who adds a drop of Pernod to a martini before stirring and calls it a "Caracas martini," which is to say it has built-in air-conditioning.

There is the traditional absinthe drip: A jigger of Pernod, or Ouzo or other, poured over two cubes of ice and a cube of sugar propped in an old-fashioned glass, over which is dripped, most gently, drops of ice water. The result is milky opalescence.

And as Herman reminded us with no little swagger, there is the "Swiss Yes," a delightful concoction to stagger the mind and any girl of the moment. In its basic (or base) form it

goes like this:

- 1 jigger brandy
- 1 jigger gin
- 1 jigger champagne
- 1 jigger absinthe (of any nationality) floated on top.

What matter how you drink it? (whether Swiss, Greek or otherwise) Once it is down, layer by layer, no gal has been known to say anything but "YES!"

* * *

At this point a girl whose name we neglected to note said "Yes!" to Herman and they both departed, leaving us with the stalwart but starved companionship of Uncle Fritz and Cupcake. We suddenly felt the pangs of hunger, too, and in a nonce (or at least a trice) we recalled our educational mission and the fact that while September means back to school, it also means back to oysters. R you with us?

Coupled with absinthe, this would be like having aces back to back — except for the fact we were in San Francisco. After all, West Coast oysters are somewhat . . . well, to put it delicately, they are just not (ugh!)

oysters. They might be Pismo Beach clams, but that's Jack Benny's story. We had to go East!

Cupcake, being a clipped-wing aviator, stuck up his thumb and saluted the tail-feathers of a saucer riding riding the jet stream, and WHOOOSH. There we were, minutes later, circling for a landing at Norfolk in ol' Virginny.

Well, sir, ol' Uncle Fritz was in his element, and he conned us to a waterfront shed which exuded the aromas of an oyster bed at low tide and the beaming countenance of Herman Glöckenspiel, who apparently had caught a faster jet stream East, ditched the chick, and put on blackface to boot.

He was shucking oysters to heat the hand and giving orders to a swarm of blackamoors the meanwhile. Fortunately the high-altitude flight had cleared away the Pernod fog, and we were able to take down these notes for a prime Virginia oyster roast:

Take the deep halves of the shucked oyster shells and rub them with cut garlic, then build in them a tiny pyramid of minced onion. Put aside for the moment, and strain juice of the oyster into a pan with (for each

cup of oyster liquor) the juice of 2 limes, a swig of Tobasco, and a slug of dry white wine. Blend some flour and butter and add to the sauce to thicken it.

Now replace the shucked oysters in the onion-mounded shells. Cover them with the sauce. Put a cube of Virginia ham or a strip of hickory-smoked bacon on top and put under the broiler under the oyster edges curl happily. Serve hot — and don't stint!

Dawn was coming up over the Virginian Capes when we tucked away the last of the oysters, and a native runner approached with an old whiskey bottle which had come in on the tide with a special delivery note from Lady Rouenville.

"Ale's well," it said cryptically. "Come home."

Get the message, students? Next month is October, the month of nut-brown ale. With that thought we headed homeward to Lady R. and her retreat in the Gowanus, singing the taggle-end of an old English ditty you will hear more of next month —

With a crust of brown bread
And a pot of good ale . . .

Handsomest Man In The World (Continued from page 21)

our lips met, she was so close, I didn't know what to do then, but finally she kindled the flame with her tongue and we found each other. She was the first.

It was no use after that, for then I had experience, too. Women everywhere made demands, fought over me, threatened to kill themselves if I left them after one brief fling. It was no use. I was a prisoner to my own handsomeness.

Then that rich widow came to visit us one summer. Eventually we were entangled, and she wanted me to marry her. She was very understanding, and I told her of my problem. She said we would live on her estate and I would never be bothered by other women. I thought nothing could be more wonderful. But there was a flaw in the ointment. It was not long before the downstairs maid, Brunhilda, was throwing herself at my feet. The demands of both women became increasingly difficult to sustain, and eventually I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

So, I am here, here in this virgin

wilderness where no man ever comes. I shall make my home here for the rest of my life if all goes well.

SECOND DAY:

It is very nice here. I have been fishing all day, and have caught a surfeit of rainbow trout. The woods are full of game, and the sky is full of blue. I am free at last!

THIRD DAY:

Today there was an odd occurrence. I was down at the south end of the stream fishing, where it makes a sharp turn and continues on towards the falls, and I saw someone watching me in the brush. I could not make out his form, but as I looked at him he ran off. Another thing, I am fairly certain that he was stark naked. Who can be living here in these woods?

FOURTH DAY:

Good lord, the mysterious stranger is a girl. They have followed me even here! I am cursed, shall I never find rest?

Today she stood in front of my cabin for a full hour waiting for me to emerge. I held my ground and refused to leave; she finally crept off into the brush. What a relief that was. For the rest of the day I was able to hunt and fish in privacy, but I never knew when I might gaze off into the forest and see a pair of eyes in the treetops, or behind a rock, following my every move. At last I thought I had found paradise, and now this!

FIFTH DAY:

Today I was able to get a good look at this child of the wilderness, or whatever she is. From the window facing the river I could see her move about in the brush, idly looking at leaves, turning them over in careless curiosity and sunning herself on my lawn. She is breathtaking. When she stands, her breasts are like two wet melons pointing towards the most exquisitely tiny waist. And her hips are wide enough for Zeus himself, her thighs thin but firm, the muscles of her legs rippling as she walks. Her face is that of a

goddess, its perfect features blending exactly with the rest of her, her skin everywhere of the creamy smooth texture. I am stunned, I never dreamed such beauty existed!

SIXTH DAY:

She is sunning herself out on my lawn again. I cannot help myself, I am fatally attracted to this witch, or whatever she may be. But when I walked out onto the porch she was gone. She can be no different from all the rest. I shall wait.

SEVENTH DAY:

Curses, she has eluded me once more. Several times I have surprised her and she has run off into the forest. I feel now that I could not resist her even if I wanted to.

EIGHTH DAY:

Today I shall try to follow her. I am strong and fast, and she shall be mine by nightfall.

NINTH DAY:

I have followed her down to the falls that hug the bend of the stream. She is entering a cave here with the familiarity of one arriving home. I think I shall camp here for the night and see what arises.

I have been sleeping a few hours now, and the sun is rushing to meet

the horizon. Still no sign of the wild girl. I shall camp here forever, if need be.

She has finally left the cave, but she is not alone. A half a dozen or so wolves are walking with her to the water's edge! They are drinking side by side! This is like something out of imaginative fiction!

But she is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. I shall have her at all cost.

Now the pack and herself have retired to the cave. I had better do some fishing and catch something to eat. I am famished.

TENTH DAY:

She is bathing in the stream. Now I shall approach her. I have stripped myself bare and am wading downstream towards her. Now I know she will not be able to resist me.

As I near her I see again the most voluptuous perfection ever possessed by any woman. The sight of her makes me reel, but I must be careful, for already I know that, for the first time in my life, I am helplessly, hopelessly in love.

She is not moving, but she sees me. I do not think she can know what I am to her, but she cannot help but be aroused.

I am closer to her now. She is facing me, those perfect pointed melons stand-

ing up in quiet symmetry. She has not moved, she only stares at me and measures my approach.

Now we are not but a foot apart. Oh, such beauty. Her eyes are wide and blue, running over my body again and again, and her lips have become parted showing teeth of perfect white evenness. I am now truly helpless. In a moment I shall put my hand on her shoulder.

ELEVENTH DAY:

We have returned to the cabin, which shall be our honeymoon cottage. She is passionate as a demon, and knows no language now save that of love. I am deliriously happy.

TWELFTH DAY:

She has been feeding me grapes as I lie here. She is wonderful. She has learned to use the stove and chases down small game for our fare. If it makes her happy to treat me so, why not?

THIRTEENTH DAY:

I have not arisen from this bed for many hours. Whenever I show energy for anything other than to take care of my bodily needs, she is upon me with her love-making. She is very passionate. What an animal.

FOURTEENTH DAY:

Just lying here, I can feel my muscles waste. I am losing definition from my arms and legs, and my stomach looks a trifle heavy. I must get up and do some work, but she is demanding.

And the wolves have arrived. She feeds them as well as she feeds me, and they lie around the cabin, relieving themselves in the natural way as they see fit. But I am getting used to the stench. At any rate, her love is enough to enslave me forever and I do not care.

FIFTEENTH DAY:

The wolves are friendly enough, but they have broken into my supplies just out of curiosity. Not that I shall ever need anything ever again. But at night they bay at the moon, and I find it hard to sleep. She makes it all worthwhile.

SIXTEENTH DAY:

Today she took me down to the stream to bathe. It is good in the out of doors, where the earth smells clean. In the stream I can see my reflection, and it is obvious that my muscles are



not as firm as they were before. As a matter of fact, I had a lot of trouble walking down with her, as lying in the cabin coupled with her passion has left me very weak. If only I could talk with her.

SEVENTEENTH DAY:

The strength is flowing from my body and I can no longer resist any of her demands. She is in better physical condition than I am. But oh, what pleasures she can bring.

The wolves are very restless of late. They must see winter coming on. Out here the winters are very cold, but dry. I wonder what the wolves do when food becomes scarce out here, as it bound to happen. I imagine they migrate south for a while, probably.

It is also quite chilly of late, but I am getting used to it. Apparently my lover is well hardened to the cold, for she is about here naked without a tremble. However, I am still rather cold. Also, I am not very active, and that is another factor. I have tried to indicate to her my desire to put on some clothing, but she does not understand, or ignores me if she does. She keeps me warm at nights, anyway.

EIGHTEENTH DAY:

Ah, wilderness! This virgin paradise that I dreamed of has become the

opposite of the river Styx. The wolves, some of them, have come up and nudged me on occasion. They can see no danger in my prostrate form. I am too tired for anything except to shoot them away with my hand. And one of them snapped at my hand once. I do not like the way they encircle me and watch me, always watching. At least I am well fed.

NINETEENTH DAY:

Is it possible for a woman to have relations with a wolf? I am not sure, but I am wondering. Now I have become bloated and fat, and I just lie here in serene contemplation of the ceiling and the walls. She even tried to discourage me from going to the bathroom. At least at this time of year the flies are almost gone. And her lovemaking is more passionate than ever, and twice as demanding. I doze very readily, and awake only to satisfy my own bodily and her primitive needs. The wolves are always watching now, they are no longer about anything in or around the cabin except myself. About me they seem plenty curious. And every day they are edging closer and closer. They are a very bold animal.

TWENTIETH DAY: WINTER IS HERE.

The Man Who Outdid Casanova (Continued from page 13)

up like a flare. "Do you mean it? You're not fooling me are you doc?"

I'll never understand how Wilson and Pete managed to keep from bursting out laughing. Leslie seemed to be so taken in. For my part, I was forced to turn my face to the side or I would have ruined the plot before it had a fair opportunity to get started.

"Get goin' man," Wilson carried on.

"Ask her if you can walk her home tonight," I hinted.

Wilson and Pete assisted Leslie to his feet and gave him a slight push to start him in motion. He moved across the floor wavering somewhat, and trembling with indecision, but finally managed to arrive at his objective and disinter his voice. Vera played her part with an unusual amount of skill, feigning first diffidence, then awareness and finally downright lust, with the dexterity of a professional.

When the Pirate's Den pulled in the plank for the evening, Vera cheerfully escorted Leslie down the street to the waiting scene of their assignation. Most of we rover boys already had advance knowledge and so would not have to wait upon the morrow to discover whether or not Vera's charms and talents extended to another and more natural field of endeavor. Yet, we were still the victims of eagerness and impatience.

While the expectations made the night seem endless, the next day was resolute in its designs and arrived on schedule. When Leslie reported back aboard with only a few minutes to spare before his liberty expired, he looked a trifle worn and sleepy, and the inner glow of satisfaction was readily noticeable to all.

We questioned Leslie about his experience, but only managed to eke out

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a childish grin and a few inarticulate mumbleings.

"Vera must have thrown in a little something extra," Pete explained.

While this might normally be classified as the termination of a sea story, the conclusion of a practical joke, it is merely the horrible beginning. The final results of our absurdity were yet to be learned.

On Monday afternoon, one week prior to the ship's departure for the Mediterranean operating area, the four of us were dining in the candle light room of the Granby Hotel. We were the only white hats in the place. We ate our meal in what was for our brand of people, relative silence.

"Not again," Leslie said. "So soon?"

We followed his glance and saw seated behind us a comely, attractive and exceedingly well attired young lady.

"Man she shore is a honey," Wilson remarked.

"She has excellent mammary development," I added, taking the medical viewpoint.

"Well, here I go again," Leslie slowly pushed his chair back and got to his feet.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I asked subtly.

"I'm going to ask her for a date," Leslie announced seriously. "Didn't you see her giving me the eye?"

"C'mon Leslie. I know she's damn goodlooking, but sit down before you get us all thrown out of here. This isn't the Pirate's Den."

"Don't you remember Vera," he remonstrated. "That's the same way she looked at me."

"Oh lord. Look here Leslie . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Never mind. Go ahead and make an ass out of yourself."

There was not much we could do about it anyway but watch, as Leslie strolled confidently up to the girl's table. He sat down without being invited and after five minutes of inaudible conversation, they left the room. Together. Leslie didn't even look at us as they passed our table.

"Do you suppose . . . ?" Pete began.

"I don't believe it," was all I could conjure up. "I just don't believe it."

At morning quarters it was the same

thing all over again. Leslie did not get back to the ship until the last possible moment, and once more we noticed that envied, relaxed appearance, and the dark shadows under the eyes which indicated to me that he had spent the night in the arms of someone other than Morphous.

"Boy," he said, as we ringed about him, "was that ever a girl. And you should see her apartment. Any of you ever taste champagne?"

And that's the way it was from then on in.

A conclave was held in the sick bay to discuss the situation.

"What do you suppose is going on with Leslie?"

"Man, is he ever gettin' hard to live with. Did you hear him tell the deck apes 'bout the redhead wanting him to jump ship and go to California with her. And that there nurse from Portsmouth."

"I guess this one really backfired on us," I said. "We're shoving off tomorrow, so it will be at least ten days before he gets turned loose again. Maybe whatever Vera, or we did to him will have worn off by then."

It took us just nine days to arrive at our destination. Our first port of call was Genoa, Italy. The four musketeers hit the beach together and finally ended up in a delightful combination bar and game house known as the Zanzibar Club. The prices were outrageous of course, but that was to be expected. So long as there were enough shapely distractions clad in tight garments passing among us, the great majority of America's representatives abroad were quite content, though ardently distracted. These charming bits of Roman fluff sat at our tables, permitted us to fondle and kiss them scandalously and for fifteen hundred lire were entirely willing to accompany us topside, where they assured us they would do their best to see that the game reached its rightful and pleasant conclusion.

Leslie returned from his initial jaunt upstairs, accompanied by his traveling associate, and smiling with satisfaction though it was obvious that the trip up and down the stairs had tired him somewhat.

A steady stream of Italy's most popular commodity, and I am not referring to spaghetti, flowed through, and around by our table. We tried gamely, but neither Wilson, Pete, nor even myself had the required stamina or lira to keep pace with lover boy Leslie.

On the way back to the ship we were accosted several times by predatory, dark haired ladies, offering to rent us that, with which disgraceful as it is to admit, we were filled to satiety.

"Man," Wilson observed, "ain ah gonna hate myself in the mornin' for turnin' down all this stuff."

"Well, we got the duty tomorrow, but Tuesday is another day."

"Swell," I said, waxing philosophical. "After paying for the sexualities of today, with what are we to purchase the joys of tomorrow?"

"Don't worry guys. I'll loan you what you need."

There was a short period of silence while the words sank into our weary grey matter.

"Do you mean that you didn't spend any . . . ?"

"Hell no. They wouldn't take my dough. Fact is that first one, Lisa, gave me two thousand just for seconds."

That night in the showers, we sneaked a furtive glance at the young, would be satyr. In satisfying our curiosity, we observed that nature had not over-endowed him with those particular attributes of density and displacement, the importance of which, false rumor has tended to grossly overexaggerate. In fact, if I am to be utterly candid I must admit that physically speaking, Wilson was easily the more attractive of the four characters.

It was understood by all concerned, long before we reached the familiar docks of the Norfolk Naval Base, the something would have to be worked out. If we did not put an end to the obnoxious affair Leslie, we would all be permanently relegated to a position at the bottom of the ladder when it came to contemplating, instituting and discussing the world's most popular masculine sport.

It was my duty to call the cabinet into emergency session. This meeting was held once again in the sick bay, to study a problem which seemed about as easy to solve as the Arab-Israeli situation.

"I'm sorry we ever showed Leslie he could do something other than urinate through that thing," I said.

"Well, I'm all out of suggestions. I think we've shot our bolt."

"No we haven't," I said, refusing to give up. "The way I see it, if we can get just one girl to say no and laugh him off, we'll soon have the old Leslie back with us again."

This has got to work. We know that Leslie can get any girl he sets his cap on. Now I don't know his secret or what technique he uses, but there must be something in the mechanism of the softer sex that makes them perfectly helpless when they come up against my friend and yours. So we have got to find one female who we can be certain will not succumb to Leslie's wiles. If she gives Leslie a hard time and shows him he can't always get his way, maybe we can still shatter that self-confidence he built up in him."

"How about Zimmerman's wife, Mary?" I suggested. Mary was a modern, up-to-date frau, who lived with her quartermaster husband in a little house in Portsmouth. She had a good sense of humor, and really loved her old man which was vital.

"We'll explain it all to her," I continued, feeling confident that she would go along with the joke, "and get Leslie a date. She's clever enough to know just what to do and say in order to give us the desired results.

"Well, I don't know doc," Pete said, "It sounds alright, but so did all our other ideas. I don't think Zimmerman will go along with it. I mean leaving his wife alone with Leslie, and he's a pretty big guy you know."

"We won't have to tell him." I explained, "until it is all over. We'll pick some night when Zimmerman's O.D."

We contacted Mary and told her what we were doing and in a short time got her to agree to the whole mess. We picked Friday night when section three had to stay aboard to put our master plot into operation.

At approximately four o'clock, Saturday morning, I was rudely awakened from my blissful sleep by a rough hand.

"What's the matter sailor?" I asked from force of habit. My eyes still tightly closed. "Got a splinter in your finger, or something in your eye?"

"I'll say I got something in my eye," I recognized Pete's voice. "You better get up pronto doc. Zimmerman's down on the quarterdeck. The boys are holding him back."

I was now wide awake. "What the hell do you mean, 'holding him back'?

"Speak up damn it."

"I told you somethin' like this might happen. Zimmerman must have had hot pants tonight or somethin', cause he got a standby and took off for the beach. And you know who he found with his wife when he got home."

"So what?" I replied. And then I

saw the strange glint in his eyes, even by the beam of the flashlight he was pointing at me. Oh no, I thought. It couldn't be.

Pete read my mind. "That's right. Ole Les and Mary were closer than green water on the bow of a sea goin' tug. They were in Zimmerman's bed, and they weren't sleepin' either. Boy, you sure found a girl to teach Leslie a lesson. I should only have such a teacher."

The entire affair was now reaching the farce stage. I got up, quickly slipped into my shoes and trousers and went into the laboratory, where sticking my head out the after port I could just about see the quarterdeck. Sure enough, there was Zimmerman dressed in his liberty canvas, or rather I should say undressed because it was half torn off him, sprawled on the deck, his arms and legs pinned by four husky seamen.

I turned around just as the quarterdeck messenger came racing in.

"Better come quick," he blurted out. "Zimmerman's on the quarterdeck and he's thrown a fit. The OOD wants you there on the double."

"Oh is that right? Zimmerman huh? Be right there. Oh . . . Make sure they don't let him go, he might hurt himself." "Gonna slap him in a strait jacket" Pete inquired as I unlocked the surgical dressing room door.

"Nope." I unwrapped a sterile syringe, fitted it with a size eighteen needle, and drew in some paraldehyde.

"What's that?"

"A mickey finn. Only he's not going to have it slipped into his beer. I'll slip it into his butt and it should quiet him down for a while. And do me a favor, will you Pete? Haul the duty yeoman out of his rack and have him type me up some emergency leave papers. He knows how to fake the red cross verification. And tell him to put in my application for that Antarctic expedition. I feel the need for a long sea voyage coming on."

I poured the last of the one ninety down my esophagus and was glad that by now I couldn't taste it.

I guess Zimmerman's still mad at me. A guy could never really get over someone pulling a stinkie like that. He blames me and not his wife. But you know, in a way I wouldn't mind if he did catch up with me. Maybe Mary told him, and he'll tell me, and maybe then I'll find out Leslie's secret.

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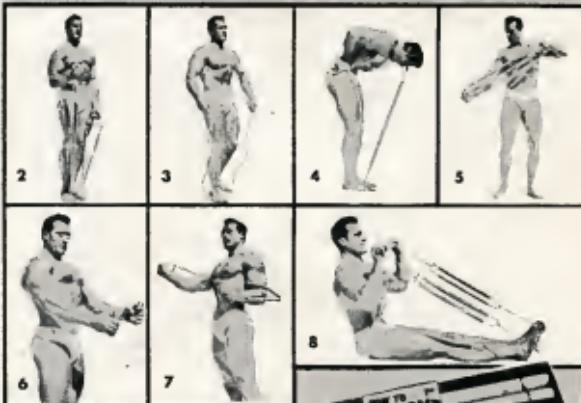
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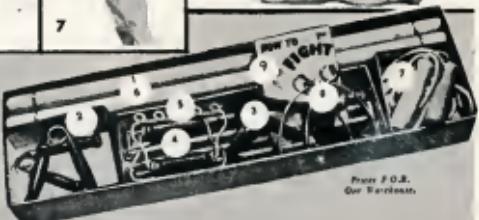
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